

The TATLER

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THE
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LONDON
NOVEMBER 12, 1947

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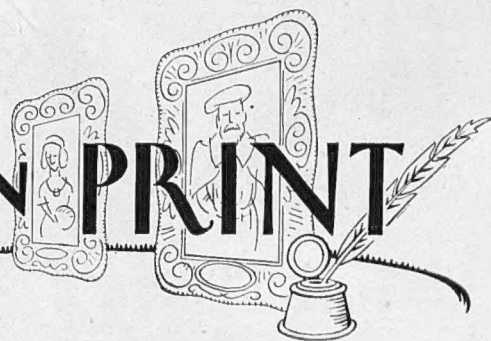


"I AM SO HAPPY THAT . . . MY FUTURE HUSBAND IS BY MY SIDE"

One of the last public engagements to be fulfilled by Princess Elizabeth before her wedding was the launching of the Cunard White Star liner Caronia—the biggest ship in the world now building—at John Brown and Co.'s Clydebank shipyard. The Princess, who was accompanied by Lt. Philip Mountbatten, R.N., received a tumultuous welcome on this, her third visit to Clydebank, and at the town hall she was given the townsfolks' wedding present, a sewing machine of local manufacture



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



What's In A Name?

WHAT in the world could old Sir Richard have been thinking about? And why didn't Joe Addison put him right, since, after all, he was his best friend? "Richard Steele [he might have said over a dish of tea in Fleet Street or thereabouts] you are in gross error here. You call your journal THE TATLER. Something gone wrong with your spelling, eh?"

But, friends, it seems that no such admonition was delivered by Joe. Wherefore, then, am I berated in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Seven by the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke? who writes me as now follows:

The name of THE TATLER is obviously mis-spelt. To "tattle" means to gossip, else it would be pronounced to "ta-tle." How then can a "tattler" be mis-spelt a TA-TLER. The word occurs as "tattler" in some dictionaries, e.g. Collins' *National Dictionary and Encyclopaedia*, published in 512 pages with 40,000 words (with introduction by Professor Allen Mawer, M.A., Provost of University College, London).

Mr. Clarke, sir, the answer is as plain as a hole in the ground. Steele called his journal THE TATLER because he wished so to do, and (justly) without so much as by anybody's leave. If the burghers of London town of that day (1709) didn't like it, they could lump it, and feel the rough edge of Steele's tongue into the bargain should they have so desired.

THE TATLER it was then, and THE TATLER it is today. It is in the highest degree unlikely to become anything else. What was good enough for Steele is, let it be understood, quite good enough for your correspondent who feels so deeply in this matter that for two pins he'd change his name to Isaac Bickerstaffe and have done with it. After all, I have a good deal in common with Steele—although I am, unhappily, without his talent—and if he thought it proper to edit THE TATLER under the name of Isaac Bickerstaffe, one must assume it was an advantageous thing to do; thus, should I not follow suit?

Steele's friends, it will be recalled, insisted upon regarding him as a pompously correct fellow and they would not pass "the least levity in his words and actions" without protest. And him born in the fair city of Dublin, if you please! I know how he must have

felt, and it is, to my mind, entirely proper that he should have determined to clear his character of the charge of undue solemnity by writing a comedy (1701) which he impishly called *The Funeral*. Thereafter, at irregular intervals, followed other comedies—*The Lying Lover* (1703), *The Tender Husband* (1705), *The Conscious Lovers* (1722)—until one and all were finally convinced of his wit and good humour. Ah, he was the fine fellow, was our Steele, and there'll be no word said against him in this house without my hat going into the ring.

* * *

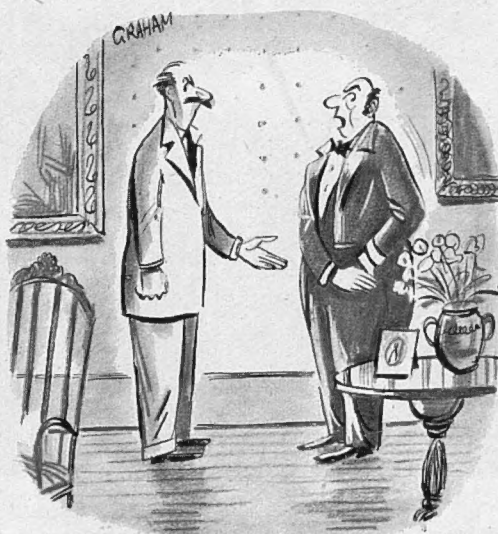
THE forthcoming marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lt. Philip Mountbatten, plus the fact that we are now deep into the month of November, sets up a train of thought which ends with the question: Does anyone celebrate Queen Elizabeth's Day any more? Does anyone even remember that there was a Queen Elizabeth's Day at one time, and that it was celebrated upon November 17? A good story goes with it, which, saving your

patience, may here be recounted in some detail.

The close of the reign of King Charles II was characterized by violent political and religious excitement. The unconstitutional acts of that sovereign, and the avowed tendency of his brother towards the Church of Rome, made thoughtful men uneasy for the future peace of the country and excited the mobs to a frightening degree. It had been customary to observe the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth with much rejoicing, a vast swilling of ale and a variety of jollifications so great as to sweeten even the most humble life for a few hours. Queen Elizabeth's Day was a great day. But after the Great Fire, these rejoicings were converted into a satirical saturnalia of the most turbulent kind.

The Popish Plot, the Meal-tub Plot, and the vile murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, had whipped up the populace to anti-Papist demonstrations which were fostered and encouraged by many who should have known better and by members of political and Protestant clubs. Roger North, who flourished then, claims that the Earl of Shaftesbury was the prime mover in all that opposed the court party and was the head of the infamous Green Ribbon Club, who held their meetings at the King's Head Tavern at the corner of Chancery Lane. North says that "this copious society were a sort of executive power in and about London; and by correspondence, all over England." They organized and paid for the great ceremonial processions and Pope-burnings that marked the years 1679-1681 and which were nicely calculated to keep up popular excitement and inflame the minds of the most peaceable citizens.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Usual terms then, Master Kenneth—interest at five per cent, repayment by Christmas, and NOT by cheque . . . O.K.?"

FROM the rare pamphlet (which you can see in the British Museum) *London's Defiance to Rome*, which describes the "magnificent procession and solemn burning of the Pope at Temple Bar, November 17, 1679," you may learn that "the bells generally about the town began to ring about three o'clock in the morning," but the great procession was deferred until night fell when "the whole was attended with one hundred and fifty flambeaus and lights, by order; but so many more came as volunteers as made up some thousands. . . . At the approach of evening (all things being in readiness) the solemn procession began, setting forth from Moorgate, and so passing first to Aldgate and

thence through Leadenhall Street, by the Royal Exchange through Cheapside, and so to Temple Bar. Never were the balconies, windows and houses more numerous lined or the streets closer thronged with multitudes of people all expressing their abhorrence of Popery with continued shouts and exclamations so that 'tis modestly computed that, in the whole progress, there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators."

The way was cleared by six pioneers in caps and red waistcoats, followed by a bellman, bearing his lantern, crying out all the way in a loud, but dolesome, voice: "Remember Justice Godfrey!" He was followed by a man on horseback, dressed as a Jesuit, carrying a dead body before him "representing Justice Godfrey in like manner as he was carried by the assassins to Primrose Hill." Godfrey, of course, was the London magistrate before whom the notorious traitor and liar, Titus Oates, had made his first anti-Papist depositions; he was found murdered in the fields at the back of Primrose Hill, with a sword run through his body in such a manner as suggested suicide. There was small need for a bellman to recall this dark deed to the remembrance of the Londoners; they knew of it only too well and had eagerly swallowed as gospel truth the hints that Godfrey had been done to death by the Jesuits or their sympathizers.

The excitement was further increased by another performer in the procession, habited as a priest, "giving pardons very plentifully to all those that should murder Protestants, and proclaiming it meritorious." He was followed by a train of other "priests," and "six Jesuits with bloody daggers"; then, by way of relief, came "a consort of wind-musick." But all this was a prelude to the main item, which was "the Pope, in lofty glorious pageant."

WHEN the procession reached the foot of Chancery Lane, it came to a stop; "Then, having entertained the thronging spectators for some time with ingenious fireworks, a vast bonfire being prepared just over against the Inner Temple gate, his Holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the flames, this concluding feat being greeted by a prodigious shout that might be heard far beyond Somerset House where Queen Catherine was lodged at the time. 'Twas believed the echo, by continued reverberations before it ceased, reached Scotland, France, and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment."

There is no doubt about the popularity of the show. Dryden alludes to it in the epilogue to his *Ædipus* when, after declaring he has done his best to entertain the public, he adds:

*We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a pope!*

Turned and twisted from its proper setting and intention, Queen Elizabeth's Day continued for some years to be the occasion for these mighty demonstrations of riotous political and religious feelings and it was not until the accession of George I that (the fears of the nation subsiding) they reverted. And now? Why, November 17 is just another day. However, such a one may come again in the fullness of time, without rioting, without intolerance, without the burning of effigies.

* * *

Thinking upon it in the current setting, Queen Elizabeth's Day has a charming air and connotation, has it not?

Sean Fielding

B

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

THE SPIV AND THE MILLIONAIRE

Bill Candytuft wed Martha Snape,
A highly meritorious shape,
A housewife to her finger's end—
Her middle name was Make and Mend
Or, even more than that, Make Do—
Contriving, frugal, sweet and true.

Bill's brother, James, wed Martha's sister,
Mary, a 10/10ths moral blister,
A cocktail, Bentley, Paquin sort.
A Max Intrator type, in short,
Who thought economy a curse
And household duties nine times worse.

Martha made do with such success
That Bill worked less and less and less
And ended up a full-time spiv.
But James in order just to *live*
The way that he and Mary did
Was forced to make a million quid.

Immoral: It's Shove that makes the World go round.

—Justin Richardson



Baron

FELIKS TOPOLSKI, a selection from whose Irish sketch-book we are privileged to reproduce on page 206, photographed in his London studio while painting "Ædipus Rex," which is now being exhibited in Dublin. Based upon the interpretation of the part by Sir Laurence Olivier, sketches for it were first made in the wings of the New Theatre, before Sir Laurence went to the artist's studio for the final sittings



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

APOLLO—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal role, and Mary Hinton.

DUCHESSE—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

MERCURY—Happy As Larry. By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

NEW—The Old Vic Theatre Company in The Taming of the Shrew, with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke. November 17.—**Richard II,** with Alec Guinness.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

ST. JAMES'S—The Man in the Street. Bobby Howes as a clerk who becomes famous overnight and finds it not all honey.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a bright American farce with Hal Thompson.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of *noblesse oblige*.

WYNDHAM'S—You Never Can Tell. Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PALLADIUM—Here, There and Everywhere. Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.

PRINCES—The Dubarry. Irene Manning in a luxurious revival of this favourite pre-war musical.



Joe Lucasta (Frank Silvera) finds his daughter **Anna** (Hilda Simms) who has left the respectability of home life for the bright lights of Brooklyn. **Lester** (Kenneth Freeman) and **Danny** (John Tate), on leave from the Navy, are amused at the thought of Anna returning home

**Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt**

At the

THOSE who saw this piece on the first night have been somewhat sourly reproached with having enjoyed themselves too much. The enthusiasm was perhaps a trifle excessive; but was it regrettable so?

Certainly the jokes, some of which are both broad and crudely easy, met throughout the evening with a jolly hair-trigger responsiveness, and no passer-by, catching the reverberation of the applause at the end, would have supposed that the curtain had just fallen on an overlong version of a hackneyed stage story. But the audience had been charmed by the acting.

It is the acting which has come in for adverse criticism. One suggestion is that we are hospitably inclined to accept from foreigners overplaying which would be grilled as "ham" were the actors English. Another is that when we see negroes acting competently we are moved as Dr. Johnson was moved by the spectacle of performing dogs—"the wonder is that it should be done at all." To my mind

neither of these considerations can fairly be applied to this American negro company from Harlem or to the audience which revelled in this performance.

THE acting of these lightly coloured folk (at a glance many of them would pass for white) strikes me as refreshingly high-spirited, forthright, uninhibited; it is at the same time clear, pointed and theatrically intense. Everyone is completely "in" his or her part, and to be that is to be acting well, even though a general exuberance of temperament has pitched the whole thing on to the plane where everything is larger than life.

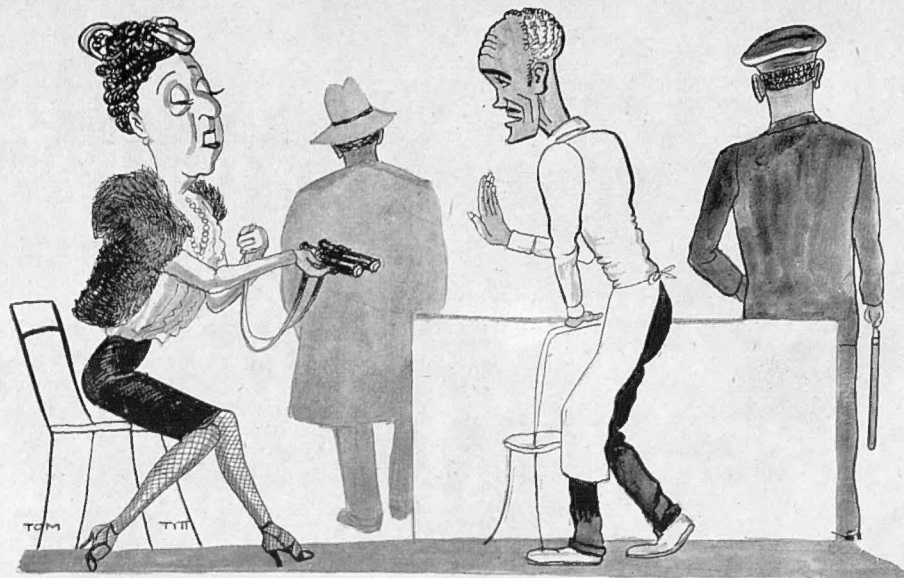
"Ham" has become a word of dread among us, and when we wonder what Irving, Kean and Garrick were like the word automatically forms itself menacingly in the background of our minds, but "ham" connotes dishonesty, and I have not for some time seen acting less dishonest than the negro company brings to a



Theresa Lucasta (Georgia Burke) who as the mother of the family watches her future son-in-law with pride and approval



Rudolf (Earle Hyman) proposes marriage to Anna with the simplicity of a farmer and a thousand dollars in his pocket



Blanche (Claire Lebya) the typical Brooklyn street walker urges Noah (Reginald Fenderson) to buy a pair of stolen binoculars in Noah's Bar. The latter however, has more respect for the law

BACKSTAGE



WHAT with revivals and American importations the present theatrical season can hardly be described as wholly satisfactory. When I have spoken to managers on this matter the reply has invariably been: "My dear boy, there are simply no new plays to be found."

But hear the view of Miss Joan Ling, London's leading play agent who is one of the best judges of stage material of my acquaintance. "Nonsense," she says emphatically. "There is no dearth of good plays. Managers are simply afraid of new ideas. They are afraid of each other and lacking initiative and the spirit of adventure they put on the same mixture as before."

"I have by me some of the best plays I have ever read, but I can't sell them. Why, if I were suddenly asked for six good plays I could supply them at once, and each I know would be a money-maker. Some are by well-known and established authors. But to sell a new idea at present you have to work like ten men."

What we want, says Miss Ling, is more experimental, try-out theatres. That is the only way in her opinion of introducing new plays to obdurate managers.

NEXT week Firth Shephard has two first-nights in succession—an unusual feat. On Tuesday comes the revival of Lonsdale's *Canaries Sometimes Sing* at the Garrick, and on Wednesday *Honour and Obey*, a comedy of domestic life opens at the Saville with Naughton Wayne and Nora Swinburne in what I hear are very congenial parts.

Lonsdale has been attending the rehearsals of his comedy, but he is now on his way back to Hollywood "to finish a job" as he puts it. "I shall be able to see the play when I return in the spring," he said confidently.

About Hagar Wilde, the author of *Honour and Obey*, there is something of a mystery. Even the producer, Daphne Rye, has not met him—or more probably her. I understand that this is a pen-name and that it is a first play.

PLAYWRIGHT Warren Chetham Strode and his versatile wife Moira Verschoyle who, besides being a successful story-writer designed the settings for his plays, *The Guinea Pig* and *The Gleam*, are now on their way from New York to Hollywood where, at the invitation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, they are to write the film script based on Mary Renault's prize-winning novel *Return to Night*.

"It's just a five months trip," said Strode before he left. "We shall return in the spring and by that time I hope to be well on the way with a new comedy, the idea for which is now simmering in my mind. It will have a serious background but I hope there will be a few laughs in it."

Before he left Strode, in collaboration with Bernard Miles, put the finishing touches to the film script of *The Guinea Pig*, his most successful play.

THE success of *Anna Lucasta* at His Majesty's should add considerably to the income of its author, Philip Yordan, who was drawing as much as 2,000 dollars a week during its three years run in New York.

He had to wait a long time for this good fortune. He was a twenty-one years old law student in Chicago when he wrote *Anna Lucasta*, which was intended to be played by a white cast. It went the rounds of the managers for eight years without any luck. Meanwhile at the invitation of William Dieterle, the film producer, Yordan had gone to Hollywood to write the script of *Syncopation*. While he was there the American Negro Theatre asked permission to produce the neglected play, though they said they could not afford to pay royalties.

Yordan generously consented and as everyone knows, the play performed by the cast now appearing in London became an unbounded success. It has now been revived in New York with another all-negro company.

JACK HYLTON is producing a pantomime at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, this Christmas. It is *Little Miss Muffet*, and it will have Evelyn Laye as principal boy and Ethel Revnell as Miss Muffet. *Beaumont Newhall*

Theatre

"Anna Lucasta"

(His Majesty's)

play which can hardly be called honest.

Honesty is indeed the outstanding quality of Miss Hilda Simms as an actress. She plays the wayward girl of a negro family rescued by love from a sluttish life on the waterfront, and though it is evidently the author's intention that we should weep for her as the conventional heroine plunged into degradation through no fault of her own and redeemed by her capacity for a pure love, a Creole Anna Christie, it is not so that Miss Simms plays her.

HERE, attractively presented, is a girl with a capacity for all sorts of love, pure and otherwise. She loves the coal-black sailors of Noah's Bar on the waterfront; she loves her mummy; and when the simple country boy woos her in language of unforced poetry, racy of the soil he knows, she responds from the depths of her richly emotional nature. But a slight awkwardness at the wedding sends her back to the waterfront, which is just

what we should expect of the girl as played by Miss Simms. The author would have us believe that respectability reclaims her once more; but we prefer to believe Miss Simms.

THERE is one further thing to be said in justification of the first nighters' enthusiasm. The play itself, generally speaking is hokum; yet though clumsily contrived it is written crisply and it is not until after the wedding scene that we can be quite certain that it is going to turn out badly.

Until then the drunken father with something about Anna on his conscience may well develop his Freudian possibilities and so save the story from banality. Meanwhile there is lovely entertainment in the primitive and ruthless negro family, and once, when Anna is wooed by the simple youth, there is a beautifully written scene to raise hopes. There is, in short, some excuse for enthusiasm.



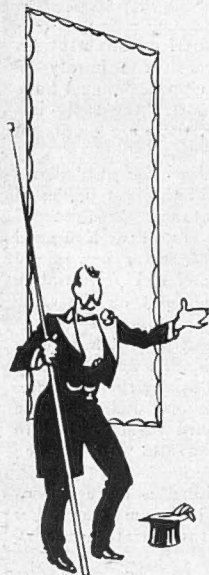
Stanley and Frank (John Proctor and Frederick O'Neal) ponder upon the naiveté of Rudolf's character and the contents of his wallet

Stella (Betty Haynes) who as Frank's wife, looks disdainfully on at his and her brother's nefarious discussion

Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Not Too Many Cooks



"SEVERAL HANDS" is too dignified a title for the authorship of the average film. By the time the original book or story has passed through the hands of two or three screen-playwrights, and three or four other hands have added their own contributions to the dialogue, the wonder is rather that any film of quality ever gets made at all than that so many films are so bad.

Even with a finished script there is, of course, always a margin for mauling by the many hands necessarily engaged on any film. But it seems reasonable to suppose that the fewer hands into which the creation of a film can be concentrated, the better the chances of the finished product having some connection with what the film was meant to be about; the better the chance in fact of getting a film of integrity, on whatever level of art or entertainment.

"Directed and Story and Dialogue by Jean Cocteau" is, then, a most encouraging signature on any film. But it seems reasonable to suppose that the fewer hands into which the creation of a film can be concentrated, the better the chances of the finished product having some connection with what the film was meant to be about; the better the chance in fact of getting a film of integrity, on whatever level of art or entertainment.

FOR me, fantasy is the very stuff of film. Fantasy is at home in the cinema where trick photography, slow motion and all manner of mechanical ingenuities can be harnessed to imagination to take us journeying outside space and time. But the cinema is not always at home with fantasy; and except for some vulgar exuberances has in latter years been discreetly chary of rushing in like an express steam-roller to the world of dreams.

Cocteau goes straight to the heart of that world in the familiar tale of Beauty and the Beast. Surprisingly, he has kept close enough to tradition to make the claim "story by Cocteau" something of an overstatement. Legitimately he uses the cinema's whole box of tricks to conjure up a world of fantasy which takes us back to half-remembered experiments of the early German

cinema—the period of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

When Beauty's father, the merchant, gets lost in the wood and the castle door opens to let him in, arms stretch out of Gothic portholes, set like giant's eyes in the wall draperies, to light his way along the corridor with massive candelabra. Sculpted masks of Adonis-like youths blink their heavy-lidded eyes at him. He reaches to help himself to wine from the table set with a banquet for one, and a forearm rises out of the table to take the jug from his hand and pour the wine. In the garden he picks the rose for Beauty—and there stands the Beast, monstrous, with fangs drooping from its hirsute face, but dignified with its broad shoulders and hanging medieval sleeves, to offer the merchant his life in exchange for one of his daughters.

JEAN MARAIS and the make-up man have between them made an astonishingly lifelike Beast. When in due course Beauty arrives, to make the filial sacrifice, and floats in slow motion along the same corridor as her father, we understand that her repugnance is tempered by pity. In the forest, in the chambers of the Beast's castle, in the merchant's home with Beauty's selfish sisters, or following Beauty's frantic transport to and fro by magic glove when she has lost the golden key, the illusion is complete. So is the technical *tour-de-force*—excepting only the persistent use of a French Celestial Choir which M-G-M might envy, and a tendency to linger poetically, forgetting that a moving picture must always move. And yet—and yet, in spite of all the beauty, the exquisite delicacy, there seems to me to be corruption at the core. In the ponderous development of Beauty's tenderness for the Beast, instead of innocence and simplicity I sense an *Angst* more Frankish than French, a malignant Germanic death-wish. Even Auric's music at the end seems to echo Wagnerian strains; and when the Beast and Avenant, Beauty's earthly admirer, merge at last into Prince Charming, he and Beauty are swirled into the sky not, we feel, to live happily ever after, but in an ethereal *Liebestod*.

IN a very different manner, *The Woman in the Hall* (at the Leicester Square Theatre), is also a picture made with integrity. G. B. Stern, who wrote the novel on which it is based, is not a Cocteau and has not made the whole film herself. But as her partners in writing the screenplay, Ian Dalrymple and Jack Lee, are respectively the producer and the director, we may assume that the film has been made by three people working with something like a single mind.

Miss Stern, as a skilled professional writer, has been able to keep her characters in the round, people with more than one side to their natures, instead of shadow symbols of crime, innocence and

capitalism. Mrs. Blake (Miss Ursula Jeans) is, in her way, devoted to the two daughters she is left to bring up; but she discovers such a flair for telling a hard luck story that she takes up begging as a profitable profession, even an art in which she takes pride. The daughters grow up hurt and ashamed, but the younger (Miss Jean Simmons) inherits an inverted form of her mother's failing. The rich husband whom widow Blake succeeds in trapping is a vain ass but with his heart firmly fixed in the right place.

PRESUMABLY it is Mr. Dalrymple's and Mr. Lee's honourable experience in documentary film-making which has inspired them to make settings of a variety of homes, in all of which real people of varying income groups might really live, (there is even one sink at which I could comfortably have washed up without being dazzled by the saucepans); and to engage a cast of less than usually familiar film faces.

Members of the cast themselves must be credited with honestly grasping a rare opportunity for realistic characterization. Miss Jeans's performance is immaculate in its restraint and conviction. Mr. Parker's sketch of middle-aged infatuation and disillusion is a rich piece of work. Miss Jean Simmons, generally fancied as the young hope of British studios, is entirely and naturally charming, though I feel it is still too early to tell whether she can become more than an English Jennifer Jones.

All concerned deserve thanks for a modestly entertaining picture at once original and (until near the end) realistic, virtues not conspicuous in many more pretentious recent British films.



WHEN I first saw *The Informer* (revived at the Astoria) some twelve years ago, I thought it a much overrated Academy Award winner. Compared with Hollywood films of today, it looks almost as good (though less polished) as *Odd Man Out* and quite as moving. Victor McLaglen as the Irish cretin who informs against his comrade for twenty pounds, and Wallace Ford as the comrade look like good actors, too. So does Preston Foster, whom we still see, though seldom in so telling a part as that of the stern rebel commander.

Were films really as good as this in 1935? It may be worth recalling that Liam O'Flaherty's novel was adapted by Dudley Nichols and directed by John Ford, the partners in the established writer-director team which was later responsible for *Stagecoach* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

In a less full week, space might have tempted me to say what I really thought of *They Won't Believe Me* (at the Plaza), the flashback autobiography of a particularly spineless and sordid philanderer which I found boring is not, to be fair, with the boredom of knowing what would happen next but with the boredom of not caring to know.

RUTH DRAPER

This famous U.S. actress, whose new London season of one month has just opened at the Criterion, is one of the few remaining exponents of the art of mime—Chaplin and Jean Louis Barrault are two others—whose performances should be seen and studied by every young actor. Miss Draper completely fills the theatre when she is playing. The auditorium side of the footlights is invariably crowded and Ruth Draper packs the stage with the creatures of her imagination. Here she is seen as a young Jewish girl pleading coaxingly with a stern magistrate to be allowed to marry, the girl's grandmother, a French peasant woman listening apprehensively for aircraft, and a heartbroken Italian mother in a cathedral. For these poses she used no make-up and her only prop was a scrap of studio drapery which lay at hand



World Yacht-Racing Conference



Sir Wm. Russell Flint, president of the R.W.S., Mr. S. F. Growse and Mr. E. Proctor Dawbarn, managing director, Fine Arts Society



Lord Methuen, who is a distinguished water-colourist, and Mr. Philip (secretary)

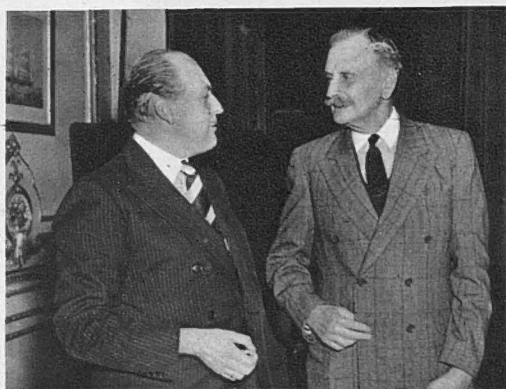


Mr. Philip Connard, R.A., Mr. Ethelbert White, R.A., and Mr. Joseph McCulloch, R.A



Mr. Maurice Codner talking to two visitors at the private view of work by members of the R.W.S. and R.M.S. at 26, Conduit Street

Watercolour Painters' Private View



Crown Prince Olaf of Norway and Sir Ralph Gore, president of the I.Y.R.U., at the conference, held at Hyde Park House, Knightsbridge



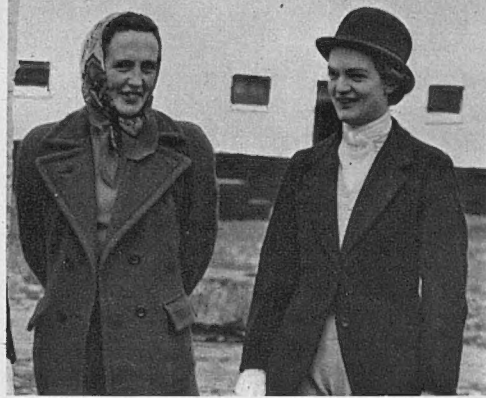
Mr. C. E. Nicholson, the famous designer, and Mr. Peter Scott were British representatives



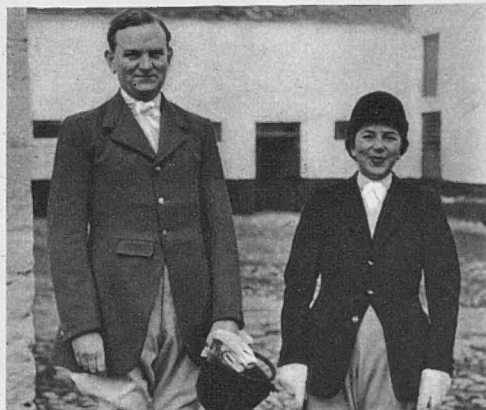
Mr. Olin J. Stephens and Mr. H. S. Vanderbilt, of U.S.A. Two new International classes were initiated by the conference



M. Faure Dujarric and M. Philippe Whitechurch were permanent committee members from France



Mrs. H. F. Cronin, wife of the well-known Irish sportsman and Davis Cup player, and Mrs. A. C. Martin



Mr. Andrew Levins Moore and his wife. It is Mr. Moore's eighth year of Mastership of the Ward Union



Dr. Bethel Solomons and Miss Naomi Dillon were also at the meet at Ashbourne, Co. Meath



Fennell, Dublin
Mr. Jack McCann, the international polo player, and his youngest daughter

Ward Union Stag-hounds' Opening Meet

"Constable" Wins the Waterloo Cup at Aitcar



Trainers Whittingham and Nicholas, with Alveston Maple and Jaunty Retort, talking to Mr. McWilliam and Mrs. T. Heler



The Marchioness and Marquess of Bath and Lord Stavordale admiring Duna Kouka between the heats



Miss Margery Wright, daughter of the trainer, ties the blue ribbon on the winner, Mr. E. Baxter's Constable



Mr. Bruce Hobbs, the secretary, and Lord and Lady Kenyon. Lord Kenyon is the fifth baron



The Earl of Sefton, president of the meeting, with Mr. Kerr and Mrs. Basil Kerr



Mrs. G. R. Holman and Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse were among the large number of spectators



The Countess of Sefton with Mrs. J. A. Dewar, wife of the well-known racehorse owner



Mr. G. Osborne, Mr. J. V. Rank (seated) and Mr. S. H. Dutton with Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. R. Peake. They saw the favourite, Mr. R. C. Brownlee's Western Water, beaten by a one-time 100-to-1 chance



Capt. the Hon. David Bethell and Miss Ursula James, whose wedding, described by Jennifer, was attended by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. At the reception T.R.H. were photographed with the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell and their bridal attendants. Front row: James Innes, the Hon. Elizabeth Anson, Jeremy Clyde, Serena Villiers-Smith, Robin Clyde, Lady Serena Dundas. Back row: Miss Lucinda James, Miss Anne Austin, Princess Elizabeth, Capt. Bethell, the bride, Princess Margaret, Capt. David Butter, Scots Guards (best man), Miss Fay James, and Lady Jane Lumley

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

BOTH the King and Queen enjoyed their two-day visit to the West Country. In their brief visit to the Duchy of Cornwall Home Farm at Stoke Climsland their Majesties heard of the progress of the Royal Devon herds, and over lunch the King, who is genuinely keen on agriculture, discussed the prospects for farming in the West Country with several experts, including Lord Radnor, Lord Fortescue and Lord Clifden and Sir John Molesworth St. Aubyn, who is chairman of the Cornwall Agricultural Committee.

Changes in the Diplomatic Corps have brought several new faces to St. James's, and there has been a constant coming and going between the various Embassies and Buckingham Palace, as the new Heads of Mission wanted to pay their respects to the King and to deliver to him their Letters of Credence. Following her usual custom, the Queen has received all the new diplomats and their wives. Those who have been to the Palace include the new Ambassadors from Italy, Venezuela, Nepal, Bolivia and Sweden, and the Ministers of Guatemala and Siam, with their respective wives.

MISS URSULA JAMES, the elder daughter of the Hon. Robert and Lady Serena James, made a lovely bride when she married Capt. the Hon. David Bethell at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride wore a classic white satin dress cut in one with a train, and a voluminous tulle veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of stephanotis. She was followed by a retinue of ten children, three little pages, Jeremy and Robin Clyde and the bridegroom's nephew, James Innes, wearing white shirts with long, pale blue trousers. These matched the long, full-skirted pale blue organdie dresses worn by the bridesmaids, who had wreaths of pale

blue flowers in their hair and carried bouquets of cream roses grown at the bride's lovely home, St. Nicholas, at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

The seven bridesmaids were the bride's sister, Miss Fay James, who walked up the aisle with Lady Lilian Austin's daughter, Anne; Miss Lucinda James, Lady Jane Lumley, Lady Serena Dundas, the Hon. Elizabeth Anson and Miss Serena Villiers-Smith. There were several hundred guests in the church, many of them tenants and friends from Richmond, Yorkshire; and the ushers, who included Mr. Arthur James, Mr. Jimmy Innes, the Marquess of Douro, Mr. Tom Hanbury, Mr. Jock Pease, Mr. Tommy Clyde and Lord Ogilvie, had a busy time fitting everyone in.



Harlip
Caroline and Alexander, children of Prince and Princess George Galitzine. They are direct descendants of Catherine the Great. Prince George served with the Welsh Guards during the war. The Princess is the only daughter of the late Major-Gen. Baron Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were guests at the wedding and sat in the front pew with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The two Princesses afterwards went on to the reception at the Savoy Hotel, where the Hon. Robert and Lady Serena James received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, looking very elegant in dark red. Princess Elizabeth, in peacock blue, and Princess Margaret, in pink with a little feathered cap, were attended by the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, and mingled freely with the guests.

ALSO at the wedding were the Duke of Wellington, the Countess of Shaftesbury and her daughter, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper; Lady Lilian Austin, the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, the latter wearing the prettiest blue velvet hat, and their two daughters, Lady Jean Christie and Lady Viola Dundas. Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, very chic in black, with an exquisite diamond brooch pinned at the back of her hat, was escorted by her granddaughter, the Duchess of Newcastle, wearing a striking scarlet hat with her mink coat. Lady Pease, whose tall second son, Jock, was an usher, I saw with Mrs. Weatherall, Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston and her daughter, Jill. Lord Burghersh, one of the many young guests wearing the uniform of the Household Cavalry, was chatting to Miss Patricia Towers-Clark, and the Countess of Scarborough was escorted by her three eldest daughters, all very smart in feathered hats. The bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Jimmy Innes, looked very nice in a maize-coloured dress under a lovely nutria coat.

Lady Savile I met with her pretty daughter, the Hon. Deirdre Savile, and her son, Lord Savile; another family party were Lord and

Lady Mowbray and Stourton and their son and daughter. Also there were the Marquess and Marchioness of Townshend, Mrs. Tom Dearbergh and her daughter Susan, Major and Mrs. Howard Kerr, the Marchioness of Cambridge, in a blue-feathered hat; Mrs. Graham-Hodgson and her daughter Sonia, very attractive in red; Mrs. Cyril Drummond, the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay and their youngest son—their only daughter, Serena, was a bridesmaid and promises to be as pretty as her mother. Others there were Major and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth, Mrs. Eben Pike, Miss Sarah Cooke, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Major Michael Hawkins and his pretty Australian wife, Lady Amy Biddulph, Mrs. David Butter and her husband, who was best man, Lord Courtauld Thompson, Miss Violet de Trafford, Miss Rose Grimston, Miss Patricia Bailey, and Mr. Everard Radcliffe and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Michael Radcliffe.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE NEPALESE AMBASSADOR, with his lovely wife beside him, welcomed the guests at the reception they gave at the fine Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens to celebrate the Nepalese New Year. This celebration should have taken place in April, but had to be postponed as the Ambassador had not then arrived to take up his appointment, so it was decided to hold the reception on Vijaya Dashami Day. Only by the lifting of purdah by Maharaja Padma Shumshere, Prime Minister of Nepal, was the very beautiful Rani Kaiser able to receive the guests with her husband. She wore the most exquisite golden sari with many rows of perfectly matching pearls, an enormous diamond brooch on one shoulder, and magnificent diamond and pearl drop ear-rings. Their little three-year-old daughter, Indira Kumari, wore a traditional poke bonnet with bright emerald-green gloves, and a large diamond brooch on her scarlet brocade national dress.

Wending their way through the fine reception rooms I saw Sir John Monck, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and Mr. Marcus Cheke, the Vice-Marshall, and many members of the Corps Diplomatique. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, came along later. Other guests I noticed were Sir Frederick and Lady Wheeler, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Lady Gould-Adams, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, enjoying a joke with the Brazilian Ambassador; Lord Wigram, Miss Flora Lion and Mrs. Tommy Hickman and her play-producer son, Michael.

THERE was a tremendous crowd at Newmarket to see Mr. G. A. Tachmindji's nice chestnut horse, Fairey Fulmar, win the Cambridgeshire from Joan's Star, with Admiral's Yarn third. Not only did racegoers arrive by car, but many came by air, using the very handy landing-ground just behind the stands, which at one moment was as busy as an airways terminal with planes circling round to land. A strong wind blew across Newmarket Heath, and everyone was wrapped up against the cold. Watching the big race from high up on the stand I saw the Earl of Harewood with Miss Jane Clayton and her brother, Mr. Jack Clayton, who now owns Tite Street, which formerly belonged to the late Earl of Harewood. They were hopeful, but Tite Street was only amongst the also-rans. A little higher up Sir Eric Miéville watched the race with Mrs. John Dewar, who was delighted at Fairey Fulmar's success, as he is by that good sire, Fair Trial, which her husband owns. Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Miss Rose Grimston, Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, very neat in a tweed coat; Mrs. Clive Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, and Mrs. "Sandy" Scratchley were others I noticed up there.

Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, the latter wearing a scarlet-plumed cap with her fur coat, Viscount Allendale, Viscount and Viscountess Irwin, the Duchess of Norfolk, her mother, the Countess of Rosebery, looking very nice wearing an attractive green hat and a mink

coat, the Earl of Rosebery, the Countess of Durham and her mother, Lady Bullough, and Major and Mrs. Durham Matthews were watching the racing from the Jockey Club stand.

AMONG those in the paddock were the Duke of Roxburghe, talking to Mrs. Beatrice Girouard, very attractive in brown, with the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, who had a runner in the big race; Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, who had come down with her brother, the Marquess of Blandford; the Marchioness of Cambridge with her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, in red; the Aly Khan, walking with Lady Sudely; Mrs. Jimmy Rank, looking very nice in navy blue and delighted at the success of her husband's Highland Division in the third race; and Lord and Lady Grimthorpe.

Major Rupert Hardy was chatting to Lord and Lady George Scott in the private stand. Other racegoers I saw were Lady Willoughby de Broke, wearing the only new-length coat I noticed at the meeting; Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel, who had motored down from London; Lady Throckmorton, very good-looking in a nutria coat and hat; Col. and Mrs. Jack Starkie, who are off to America soon to visit their daughter; Lady Joan Birbeck, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, very chic in a tartan skirt and tam-o'-shanter and short green jacket; Mr. Dermot Daly and Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop. Mr. and Mrs. Cutlack, who had a big house-party for the week, I saw talking to Mr. Stewart Cooper and Mrs. Scott Miller, who is off to South Africa with her husband in December. Mrs. Cecil Drabble, Mrs. Tommy Hickman,

is longing to get back to the sea, but has no qualms over facing an English winter, in spite of having spent the past eighteen months in Bermuda with its wonderful climate. Sir Raymond Evershed, the well-known Chancery judge, was chatting to his host, while Capt. Frank Miller, Capt. Cogswell and Cdr. Holt were discussing aeroplanes together near by.

Cdre. and Mrs. Hope, two charming Canadians, were saying good-bye to friends, as they return to Canada shortly. Mr. Brewis, with his elder daughter, Philippa, and Mr. Howard Schmitt, were other guests I met at this very gay and amusing party.

SHORTLY after his return from his visit to the United States, Mr. Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador, accompanied by his wife and their great friend Mr. Paul Warburg, with Mrs. Margaret Sweeney, went to the première of the wonderful Italian film *To Live in Peace* ("Vivere in Pace"), running at the Curzon Cinema. Among others who enjoyed this excellent film were the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse de Thieusies, the Netherlands Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Mr. Henry Stebbings and Mr. Robert Chalker, both of the American Embassy, with Mrs. Chalker. On the other side of the theatre I saw Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, both great connoisseurs in the artistic world, whether it be pictures, music or films; Dame Irene Vanbrugh and her brother, Sir Kenneth Barnes, and the Duke and Duchess de la Gallarati Scotti.

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS, in her usual very efficient manner, took the chair at the committee meeting for the Royal première of the film *The Bishop's Wife*, at which the King and Queen have graciously consented to be present. This, the chairman, who looked charming in a large black cartwheel hat trimmed with a simple pink rose and a black dress, told us, will take place at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on Tuesday, November 25th, at 8 p.m. in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, of which H.M. the King is Patron. Seats, which vary in price from 25 guineas to 3 guineas, have already sold fast and furiously, and there are now only a few left to be obtained from 79, Davies Street, W.1. This is not surprising, as a really wonderful evening's entertainment is being provided in aid of this good cause. Besides the film mentioned, there is also a coloured film of the Royal wedding being shown for the first time. In addition, a galaxy of film stars are going to make a personal appearance in a show compered by Bob Hope. These stars include Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, David Niven, Ann Todd, Phyllis Calvert, and many others.

Last year this Royal première raised over £30,000 for the Fund, and this year it is hoped to raise even more, as the Fund wants, among other things, to pay for an additional Rest Home they have acquired to meet the needs of the many calls in sickness and other misfortunes.

LADY GEORGINA COLERIDGE is chairman of the United Charities Fair and Ball which are being held at the Dorchester on December 1st. The Fair, which will contain many stalls at which you can buy your Christmas gifts as last year, is to be held from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., with a bridge-room open from 2.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. The Ball, in aid of the same good cause, the United Charities, starts at 8 p.m., and supper is included in the tickets, which are 2 guineas each and obtainable from Lady Avebury, the vice-chairman, at 31, Cadogan Square, S.W.1.



I'm an Escort —
See page 222



Capt. and Mrs. Sharples's infant son was christened Christopher John at St. James's Palace recently. The godparents were Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. Walter Edge, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Wheatley, W/Cdr. G. Sinclair, and Lord Claud Hamilton

Mrs. Kemp-Welch, Major and Mrs. Douglas Foster, Mr. George Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, Mr. Jimmy Jarvis, Mr. Francis Vane-Tempest, Mr. Tom Blackwell (who had two runners during the afternoon), Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Lord and Lady Ranfurly, and Lord and Lady Delamere, who brought a party over from Six Mile Bottom, were also there.

CAPT. JOHN BARTLING PEARSON, JNR., who is United States Naval Air Attaché in London, and his very attractive and charming wife gave a delightful cocktail-party in the house in Chester Street they have rented from Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten while the Mountbattens are in India. The Pearsons, who have been over here nearly a year, have quickly become one of the most popular couples in London. Their very pretty daughter, Beverly, was wearing a bright emerald-green dress and helping her parents entertain their guests, who included Lord and Lady Monson. The Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi were the centre of a group of friends, and Major Kent Perowne, who is here on Gen. Bissell's staff, told me he has had no vacation this summer, but his mother had been over to England for a brief but enjoyable visit. I met Admiral Henderson, who has just arrived in London with his wife to take up his new appointment as Chief of Staff to Admiral Connolly. He is a typical jovial sailor who, like all men of the Senior Service,

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

H.E. Señor Dr. Don Juan Oropesa, the Venezuelan Ambassador

FOR nearly four months several undergraduates of the principal university in Caracas, capital of the South American Republic of Venezuela, hid in the city or smaller towns outside. They had been caught in the act of plotting with the military for the overthrow of the dictator, General Juan Vicente Gomez, who had been in power under various labels for about twenty years. Among the revolutionaries was a student of law, thick-set and of

medium height, with powerful chin and strong, dark eyes. To-day he is Dr. Don Juan Oropesa, Venezuelan Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

With an amnesty, six months later, the young man returned to the university. When Gomez died in December 1935, the law graduate went home after travelling in Spain, where he had been engaged in journalism and serious writing on literary subjects. At once he was appointed head of a leading school in the capital. He also began to help in the organisation of the Accion Democratica, "a moderate Socialist party," which in October 1946 swept the country, winning 130 out of 160 seats in the General Election.

BUT in 1937 the Minister of Education, who had been leader of the students' revolt, resigned and the young headmaster gave up his post. He travelled again, this time in Chile, where he lectured at the leading university on life, history and letters. This time the journey enabled him to write and see published a much-praised biography of Sucre, the hero who helped Venezuela to break the centuries-old occupation by Spain in 1830.

Home called again, and in 1939 he took over the writing of an influential column in *Ahora* ("Now"). The material was strongly pro-Allied. In 1942 Oropesa accepted the invitation from the State Department in Washington to visit the United States for several months. The tour ended by his becoming a lecturer in the Spanish department of the University of Minnesota, on Latin-American history and letters.

Romance came suddenly, at a Venezuelan party given in New York. Now married, the future Ambassador returned to the university, and shortly afterwards went to lecture and write in Mexico. In 1945 he began his diplomatic career, as a member of the Venezuelan delegation to the San Francisco Conference.

THE university called again, successfully. This time he became the Rector of his own training college, with about 3000 students under his care. But diplomacy did not call in vain, this year, when the Court of St. James's added to its distinguished list of authors one who has achieved much at an early age. His books include a volume on four centuries of Venezuelan history, a treatise on America's destiny and a novel of South American life. Nevertheless, he also found time to sit in Venezuela's Parliament.

First portion of the American mainland to have been discovered by Columbus, Venezuela occupies a strategic place not merely because of her immense petroleum supplies, although she is second largest producer in the world, with over a million barrels daily. Her 4,000,000 inhabitants, of an area nearly four times that of the British Isles, are immensely rich in timber, though the forests have scarcely been "tapped." They have also 62,000 coffee plantations, grow cocoa 3000 ft. up, possess over 4,000,000 head of cattle, and in a recent year produced 5,000,000 carats of pearls round the historic island of Margarita.



Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen talking to his younger daughter before escorting her to St. Margaret's, Westminster.



The bride, assisted by the bridegroom, Mr. William Gavin Buchanan, of London, Ontario, cuts the cake at the reception at the Dorchester

Wedding of Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen



Lord Tweedsmuir, Lt.-Cdr. Baillie-Grohman and Mrs. David Wilkinson were among the guests



Miss Mary Maud Redgrave, Mr. Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, the bride's brother, and the Misses D. and A. Massie



The bridesmaids, Miss Barbara Venning, Miss Juanita Forbes, Miss Sheila Mitchell and (in front) Miss Ann Frost. Mrs. Denis Burke, the bride's sister, acted as matron of honour, and Mr. Denis Burke was best man

Swaebe

New Forest Beagles' Hunt Ball



Mr. Richard Symes and Mrs. M. E. Haigh were among the guests at the ball, which was held at Brockenhurst, Hants



S/Ldr. J. Seldon, Miss Pamela Hogarth and Capt. and Mrs. B. Key enjoy refreshment during an interval



A horn-blowing competition proved a very amusing feature, and Miss Sheila Phillips, of Basingstoke, a member of the Hursley Hunt, is seen giving the winning performance



Major P. P. Curtis, Secretary of the New Forest Hunt, Mrs. Curtis and Lt.-Cdr. W. F. G. North, Secretary of the Hursley



Mr. Bryan Day, joint-Master of the Beagles, and Mrs. Day opening the ball in the first dance



Lt. C. Hodgson, R.N., the Hon. Mary Scott-Montagu, Lt. R. de Pass, R.N., Miss Cherry Curtis, the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu, Lt. R. R. Mackenzie, Miss Alison Curtis and Lord Montagu of Beaulieu



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Miss Priscilla Hunt and Mr. Tom Faber. The attendance at the ball was much higher than last year

Felix Topolski

Irish Sketch-Book

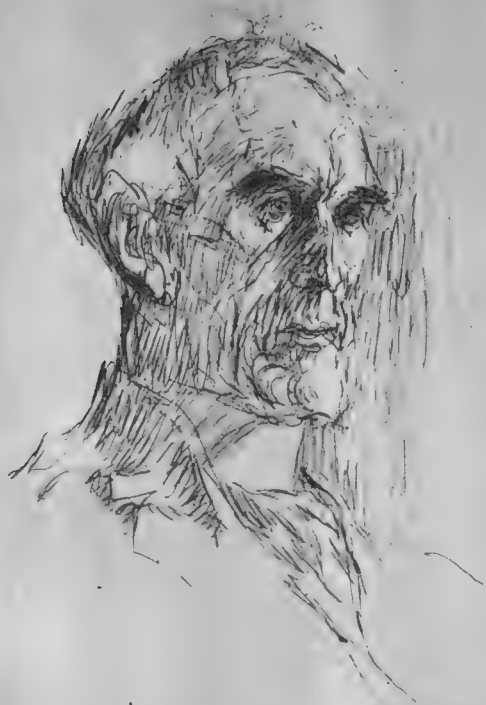
Pages from the sketch-book of the distinguished artist whose exhibition of paintings and drawings of Irish subjects (including "Homage to Jack Yeats") opened at the Victor Waddington Gallery in Dublin on November 10th



Naas, June Meeting: the enclosure and bookies



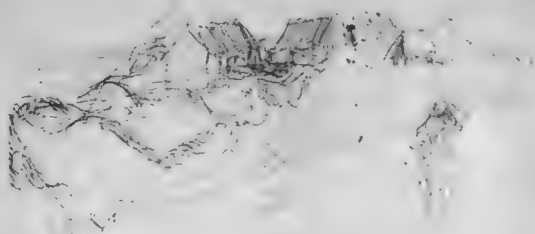
Monks, Dublin



Father Paddy Brown, President of Galway University



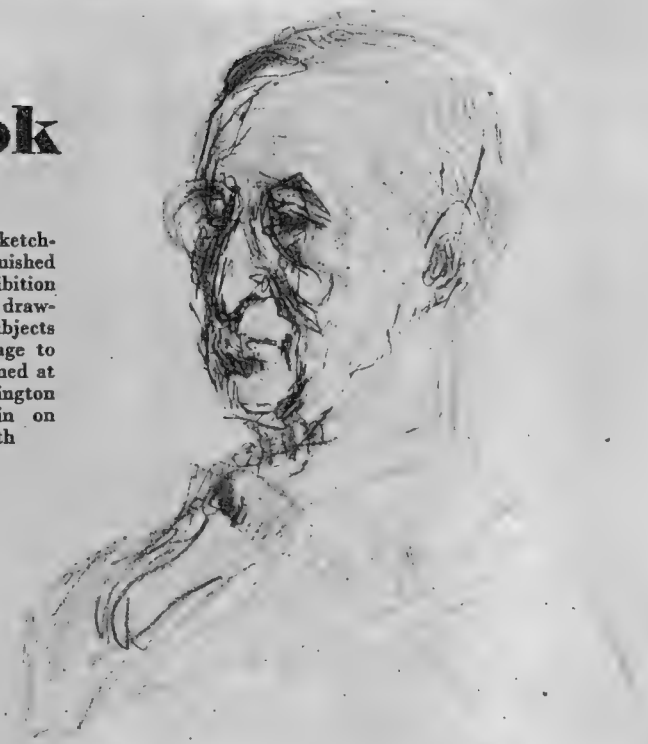
Mr. K. Lushington-Tullochs, a West Country figure



West Country—cottages on the Atlantic coast



The Quay, Galway



Mr. De Valera, the Head of the Government and Minister for External Affairs



Mr. Robert Barton, a well-known Co. Wicklow citizen, and former Minister of Agriculture

Priscilla in Paris

The Motor Show and a Film Gala

The craze for baby cars . . . Harassed salesmen . . . Will petrol be free next year? . . . Red carpet, flowers and the R.A.F. . . . the President sees a British film

It is rather terrifying to think of what will happen when the lid comes off motoring restrictions and all the tiny cars that are the *clou* of the Paris Salon de l'Automobile become available to the masses. France is known for her reckless, but usually good, drivers; what will it be when they are reckless but bad? One may argue that they may not necessarily be bad. The reply to that is, the cyclists of to-day are the small-car owner-drivers of to-morrow, and anyone who has seen the cyclists who overran the streets of this city during the strikes will know what I mean.

Many of the stands at the Show might have displayed a notice *à la Far West*: "Don't shoot the salesman; he's doing his best!" Exasperated would-be purchasers could obtain no answers to their queries. What was the price of This or That 3-flea-power bus? No prices can yet be quoted. When could it be delivered? Impossible to give a date. Will petrol be free next year? But to this question only a weary look of disgust and a languid shrug of the shoulders was vouchsafed.

THE most amazing of all these small cars is a 2-cylinder 2-h.p. two-seater. It weighs 350 kilos, burns 4 litres to the 100 kilometres, and can touch 50 miles an hour. One gets the impression that if one winds it up on Saturday night when one is doing the clocks, it ought to run the week! I hate to be a pessimist, but it is the

opinion of many that as soon as all these little pretties are let loose on the road in inexperienced hands a boom season will start for the undertakers. Therefore it is hardly surprising that the insurance companies have put their premiums up to 500 per cent. of what they were in 1939. Hardly surprising, but distinctly depressing.

Not that anything, at the moment, can really depress those many of us who voted R.P.F. at the polls and woke next morning to find ourselves amongst the big majority. We don't know how it will work out. The future is just one big question-mark, but what we *do* know is that we are ready to accept the most stringent austerity plans if we are asked to do so by leaders we can trust.

DESPITE these troublous days, President Auriol had one pleasant evening recently when he attended the gala organised by Victory Films and the R.A.F. Association under the patronage of the British Ambassador. This took place at a big cinema on the Boulevards, where the striped awning was out and the red carpet down (which was all to the good, since the rainy, autumnal weather has started). There were flowers and greenery everywhere,

the Garde Républicaine was in dress uniform (but the R.A.F. lads came in for all the coy glances of the pretty programme-sellers), and long frocks and white ties abounded.

The Comtesse de Lubersac, who is president of the Aide Alliée à la Résistance Française, in aid of which the gala was organised, looked very charming in a white dress when she came on to the stage to preside at the drawing of the winning numbers of a lottery. Mme. Auriol, who was congratulated during the interval for the way she has modernised the hitherto dark and ill-equipped kitchens of the Élysée, was in white also, while Lady Diana Duff Cooper wore a dark frock of lace. I also saw Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle in grey. Amongst the younger set, Mme. Philip Cerf looked very lovely and has not yet lost the sultan of her holidays in Brittany; she was with her sister, la Comtesse Hélène de Dudzele, who is as dark as Mme. Cerf is fair. The Baroness de Junca was in a smoke-coloured frock, and I hardly recognised her after seeing her so many years in the dark-blue uniform of

the A.S.A., of which she is president. She has just been awarded the Dutch Médaille de Reconnaissance for the splendid work she did in Holland, as well as in France, Luxemburg and Germany during the war, when the A.S.A. ambulances were always to be found in the thick of everything.

The film shown at this gala was *The Overlanders*. A little long, perhaps, but then, one could hardly rush the cattle over the many thousand-odd miles of their trip across Australia. So we sat back, enjoyed the magnificent photography of the Wide Open Spaces, and my heart beat fast when I saw a signpost, "To Perth, 2500 miles," for it is from two of the kindest people on earth who dwell in that city that I have received so many wonderful parcels. Unfortunately, the convoy took the other road. I was sad, for I would have loved to go to Perth, if only by film.

It is not often that Parisians find themselves elbow-to-elbow with a star from Hollywood in the Métro, but this happened the other afternoon when that beautiful little red-head, Maria Montez, swung from a strap (alas for the manners of the modern youths) on the Etoile-Vincennes line. She looked very lovely in a striped blue-and-white frock with hood to match that created quite a "sari" effect. She is, in private life, the wife of Jean-Pierre Aumont, whose first play is being produced these days at the Théâtre des Mathurins. She has become a real Parisienne of the very nicest kind, for she could easily get Jean-Pierre to wangle a car for her. So, bravo Mme. Aumont! Paris chalks this up to your credit, with congratulations.



Señor Luis de Sevillas, a Mexican visitor, and Mrs. Rapp, wife of the new British Ambassador to Mexico



Mr. Rapp, the new Ambassador to Mexico, and his daughter. A tea reception was held



Mr. P. Smithers, ex-Naval Attaché to the British Embassy in Mexico, and Mrs. Maria Arnold

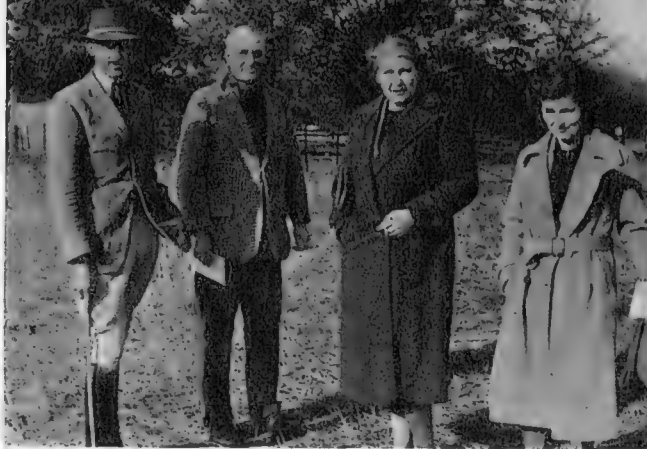


H.E. the Mexican Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Jimenez O'Farrell, with his wife and Sir Thomas Cook, Chairman of the Society, at the annual general meeting at Canning House

The British Mexican Society Meet



Mrs. Roy Mitchell's Macnamara clearing a fence in the All-England Challenge Cup



Col. C. Heber Percy, who is Joint-Master, and Major the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmorland, with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Fane and Miss Daphne Fane



This party included. Mr. Vergette, Mr. Patrick Byas Major and Mrs. J. Palmer

THE COTTESMORE HUNTER TRIALS



Mr. J. Chapman, and Miss H. Hoare, two of the large gathering of spectators



Mr. W. J. Baird, a former Master, the Hon. Mrs. W. J. Baird, O.B.E., and Mrs. Ernest Walker



Sir Henry Tate, Lt. Baird



Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson on Capt. P. Bradley's Gilpin and Mighty Atom, both first-prize winners



Mrs. T. Hayward and Col. G. E. Wade were among those who enjoyed this very gay event



At the height of the revels at Bar Walker, the Conga was dancing



Mrs. Roy Mitchell, Michael and Anne F. G. Mitchell, Mrs. Bud Mitchell, M. Rudgard and Mr. Peter Holland



Lady Katharine Howard, daughter of the late eighteenth Earl of Suffolk, with Mrs. J. Kimball, Mrs. le Coq and Mr. M. Kimball waiting near the car-park for the next event



Mr. George Gibson, who won the Farmers' Cup on Gilpin, taking a hedge very prettily on Pathfinder

AND HUNT BALL AT OAKHAM, RUTLAND



Master of the Hunt, Mr. W. J. Heathcote and Mr. R. Heathcote



Mrs. P. Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Toone, Miss Anne Faire and Mr. P. Waterhouse



Miss Jane Whitelaw, Lord Burghersh, son and heir of the Earl of Westmorland, and Miss Ursula Rank



Mr. and Mrs. Ernest... through the house with great enthusiasm



Miss "Winkie" Forsell and Major H. Whaley dancing. Many members of neighbouring hunts also attended



Major and Mrs. Murray Smith were two others who followed the trials with keen attention

Photographs by Swaebe



Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

BUT for the French ball at Trafalgar Nelson would have lived to a ripe old age, a medical authority has just discovered. One can see the faint sneer on the delicate features of Britain's greatest Admiral from here. Go take a running jump into the morgue, medical authority.

Heroes and glamour-boys are wise to die young. Byron, Shelley, and Keats might have ripened into very tiresome old whiskered gentlemen indeed, doggedly writing reams of bad verse and forcing *Auntie Times* to print it. In Nelson's case longevity would have brought, perhaps, one compensation; he would not have bequeathed his girl-friend to the British Nation, thereby inspiring countless retired admirals, generals, and Pall Mall clubmen to seize quavering pens and write to the Treasury saying: "Gentlemen, I am bequeathing Ipsy-Bipsy, my sweetie-pie for many years, to the Nation as a sacred charge, and I will leave her accordingly on the Treasury steps at 11.30 p.m. on Wednesday next..." The Race would perhaps not have minded supporting all these charmers had they remained charming. But alas, like Lady Hamilton, they grew middle-aged, and blowsy, and loud, and over-painted, and hard on the eye...

However, everybody is more decorous nowadays, and we take this opportunity of doffing a respectful beaver to Britain's Grand Old Man, a model to all and still the best dancer on the West End light musical stage.

Hideout

WHAT that 1700-year-old citizen whose bones have just been found in the cave called Wookey Hole, Somerset, was doing there none of Science's little smartypants has yet decided, though Science can probably give you already the name of his aunt-by-marriage. We suggest that he was hiding.

In A.D. 247 Wookey Hole was rather nearer to Aquæ Sulis, or Bath, than it is now, for Rome was in occupation, the roads and palaces were made, or making, and the Legions had not yet been withdrawn, to the howling despair of your Romano-British forbears. What Bath was like in the Third Century A.D. is adequately conveyed in *Puck of Pook's Hill*: the wealthy old gluttons and politicians wallowing in the Hot Bath, the generals and magistrates in their sedan-chairs, the bustling crowds, the fortune-tellers, goldsmiths, philosophers, Jew lecturers... in fact, a Bath very like Jane Austen's, or even our own. Our theory is that the citizen

of Wookey Hole was hiding from a colonel's niece at Bath, repeating in his anguish that celebrated poetic crack beginning:

Femina dulce malum pariter favus atque venenum...

later attributed to Marbodius of Rennes. "O woman! O sweet evil! O honey mixed with poison!" (etc.). Probably he made a Romano-British gesture or two in her direction also, signifying a native word of five letters, applied later by Byron to Lady Caroline Lamb.

Even so he was much, much better off than you, dear hearts; and who isn't?

Out

EJECTION (from *eieclare*, frequentative of *eihere*, to cast out) from the House of Commons, as happened the other night to the excited girl-fan of some Socialist silver-tongue or other, is not painful or violent, like ejection from the Royal Statistical Society, or the Housewives' League, or Convocation. That is to say, you do not land on your ear in Palace Yard. That is to say, not normally.

We glean all this from an M.P. friend, so far as one can have an M.P. friend, who tells us that in the Index to Erskine May's *Parliamentary Procedure* ejection is dealt with under "W," thus:

WORK, general topic of, disgusting to electorate, XI, 189.

"dirty, exclusive to Oppositions, XIV, 255 ff.

WORKS, Office of, plummy jobs in, IX, 178-85.

"Public, gift of to, by Commons bouncers, I, 3-7 (See also under "UNITED STATES, Constitution of," Sec. IV, "Procedure, Congress," sub-sect. 18, "Rush, Bum's").

Footnote

As a stickler for procedure Erskine May (this chap added) is all for giving the public the works in a dignified manner to begin with, which hampers the bouncers to some extent. Disgraceful M.P.s go in the

Clock-Tower, as you know. On this topic Mr. May breaks into a kind of poetic yell:

The Pig—Oh! what a filthy sight!
He wallows in the mire!
To roll in dirt appears to be
His only fond desire!

Let Swine enjoy their beastly sport,
And gambol, dine, and sup!
But *Legislators* must be good,
Or else we lock them up!

Adapted, we discover, from *The Affectionate Parent's Gift and the Good Child's Reward*, by Henry Sharp Horsley (1827).



Rap

NOT knowing what else to do with the massive Colenso Diamond (and possibly tired of carrying round a perfect 133-carat octahedral stone in his trouser-pocket, as the Hatton Garden kerb-market boys do), Ruskin gave it to the British Museum, we note with little or no surprise from a letter to *Auntie Times*. That was Slogger Ruskin all over. No tossing huge diamonds to women for that boy. He knew the consequences.

"Mr. Ruskin!... Jack!"
Rapson! Rapson! Rapson! Rapson!

"Rapson!
RAPSON!"

That would be Mr. Ruskin, Art-Critic, screaming for his valet to remove a pair of fair white Cinquecento arms from his neck. Only one woman of Ruskin's acquaintance would be likely to refrain from impropriety of this kind, we guess, and that would be Rossetti's Blessed Damosel (Miss Siddall), a perfect lady at all times.

"No, Mr. Ruskin, really I couldn't accept your handsome gift as that would not be proper I being a girl that does not accept gifts from gentlemen not if it was ever so."

"Take it, take it."

"Excuse me Mr. Ruskin I could not possibly do so, I being under the impression that you were a gentleman in every sense of the word but believe me such is not the act of one that has ideals, etc."

"You'd take a 133-carat diamond from Rossetti, I suppose?"

"Excuse me Mr. Ruskin that is not the same thing, he being my gentleman friend, etc., and one that is very high-class, he being a painter and very artistic."

As her people lived at Newington Miss Siddall was rather aloof and suspected all art critics; and rightly, since some of them could not be trusted near an English Rose even (as has been proved) in the Identification-Hall at Scotland Yard. Hence one finds the Colenso Diamond in a glass case, at South Kensington to-day.

Tot

FRENZIED excitement from a first-night audience and temperate enthusiasm from the critic-boys greeted the appearance of a new prodigy aged 12 on the West End revue-stage recently. As for us, we remember a sweet old song Nanny used to hum, of which only one line lingers in our memory:

So I murdered Little Willie in his purple velvet suit . . .

As a matter of fact very few child-prodigies end that way, though you may recall that Mr. Crummles's Infant Phenomenon obviously escapes only by the skin of her teeth from the smouldering vengeance of Mr. Folair, her partner in that popular dance-scena, *The Maiden and the Savage*.

"Oh, here's this blessed Phenomenon at last. Ugh, you little imposition, I should like to—quite ready, my darling—humbug!—Ring up, Mrs. G., and let the favourite wake 'em!"

Why Dickens never let that much-injured and attractive old ham Mr. Folair take a crack at the Infant Phenomenon halfway through their act seems to us clear enough. Dickens knew he could have the Race swimming in tears whenever he liked, and he had a real honey in store for it, namely the deathbed of Little Nell, which made all England, even members of the House of Lords and tough professional politicians, honk and sob like heartbroken frogs.

We've nothing against infant prodigies as a class; we merely think the Race should take more time to judge before bursting into ecstasies over them. Say forty years or so? No? All right.

Chintzy

DOWNALONG in Devon a fifteenth-century "showplace" village inn has just been sold for £20,000, a price which one trusts has no macabre implications, though one never knows nowadays.

The Saracen's Head looks down the lane,
Where we never shall drink good ale again,
For the wicked old women who feel well-bred
Have turned to a teashop the Saracen's Head.

That cry was uttered in the fabulous 1900's, when good ale could apparently be had in any inn at twopence a pint and tweedy ladies with chintzy aspirations were rare, likewise bogus Cromwellian firedogs and pinkshaded electric candles guttering electric wax, such as glorify a rural teashop-inn we know very well where men once drank noisily to Agincourt. Today it is a place of real terror where you cough behind your glove.

Footnote

How the rural populace reacts to such changes is interesting, we discovered from one of the local boors, gnarled and whiskery. He said frankly: "We love refinement." This conversation ensued:

"You are not less happy at being deprived by tweedy ladies of a place where your ancestors drank their beer for four centuries?"

"Nay, that relative beatitude (conditioned, as I need hardly remind you, by prevailing agricultural conditions and the admitted evanescence of all terrestrial joys) is more than compensated by the spectacle of visitors to our humble retreat partaking of Dainty Teas."

"Is that sincere?"

"Utterly. The whole village has a better tone."

The aged boor, adding courteously, "And the sooner you get the hell out of it, bud, the better. Our little community will be pleased," then shambled off, showing that poets are cads, and maybe liars as well.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 11

A bird whose capture is achieved by the hunter uttering a low, glutinous humming note, which plunges it into a trance



The Swoona Swallow—or Bobbisoar

(Franciae-Fanaticals)

ADULT FEMALE: General colour pinkish, inclined to be freckled on beak and mandibles; often tufted at head extremities, the bird may be found with long and lank head feathers often impairing the sight of one or both eyes; beak squat; body feathers, outer coverts inclined to woolliness, inner coverts usually checkered, the tail feathers being seen to great advantage; shanks blue and well-turned at the knee joints; feet untidily tufted with sock-like feathers, leathery and sloppy.

HABITS: This peculiar little bird is one of the few ruminant members of the genus. The Bobbisoar is a great lover of song and other strident noises. Though often silent itself, the bird is—quite frankly—enraptured by the cries and whoops

of other birds. The species prefer to feed on crooners. When engaged in this practice the bird is quite abandoned and may often tear its victim to pieces. At feeding-time the bird has a habit of swooning, apparently from sheer exhaustion; at other times the victim may swoon, which is not very surprising.

HABITATS: Usually to be found in the same locality as the song-bird genus. The bird may be encountered prodding and peering around the doorways of large hotels, theatres, etc. At times the species will flock so fiercely that it requires great cunning to avoid its unwelcome attentions.

ADULT MALE: Not very frequently encountered owing to it being entirely dominated by the female.



Mr. K. G. Thom

Mr. R. L. Mansell

Dr. Peters

Mr. F. Roe

Sir Henry Birkmyre

Mr. D. H. R. Martin

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"SUFFERING MOSES" of Srinagar was a devout follower of The Prophet, with a long and venerable beard, which I always believed that he would have been entitled to dye with the reddest henna in token of The Hâj to Mecca. He looked far fitter to be a pillar of his church than many gentlemen who have called themselves Mullahs, Hâjis, Pirs, Fakirs, and so forth—those fierce, warlike men with the baleful fire of battle ever burning in their eyes, and their real trade written in capital letters all over them.

Hundreds of thousands of people must remember dear old "Suffering Moses" and that shop of his, full of all the most beautiful things in the wide world: silks and embroideries, brocades and velvets, carvings and draperies, "mirrors with panels of amber, daggers with handles of jade"—these last usually Pathan knives ground down to peaceful-looking things for cutting paper or bread, but still quite useful for other purposes, and each and every one of them, I'll be bound, with a very dark and bloodsome past. And gentle old "Suffering Moses" sold them and, he a Moslem to the last hair in his beard, made much money in a Hindu State so rigidly orthodox that at the Octroi post on the Tonga road up from Pindi, I verily believe they would have stopped a tin of Oxo. Beef was unknown inside the State, but there was so much other food that was good that nobody minded very much.

And now all this, they say, is to change, and the "Songs of Araby" are to drown the "Tales of Fair Kashmir"—some of them in all conscience wild enough, and much fuller of romance than anything that Laurence Hope ever invented or Amy Woodforde-Finden etherealised. It seems to us, who remember that placid Jhelum River, that Dhâl Lake, the Shalimar gardens—"pale hands pink-tipped . . . where are you now?"—the lotuses, and the whole flower-drenched valley—it seems to us unthinkable that bloody war should be ready to pounce and spoil it all.

Henry VIII.'s Legs

THE recent discovery of his leg armour at Scrivelsby must finally dispose of any claim that Henry VIII.'s "well-beloved brother," François I., may have put forward to have had a better pair than our hard-riding monarch, for the armour displays the most

shapely calf of a man who stood 6 ft. in his stockinged feet. Whether if, in those days, they had worn the hunting boot you and I, and other slim chaps, wear to-day, the bootmakers would not have preferred François's legs, is rather beside the question! If the French King had been a horse, he would have been describable as too heavily-topped and light of bone. If the historians are to be believed, he was all tummy on a pair of legs like parritch sticks, and nothing like the fine figure of a man that King Henry was.

François was also said to have been very moderate on a horse, whereas Henry was what is called to-day a real puncher. According to Giustinian, a distinguished Venetian (possibly a pupil of Gambado, Riding Master to the Doge of Venice), Henry got to the bottom of eight or ten horses in a day's hunting. How true this may be it is not for me to say, but, considering that there were no obstacles to speak of, and they went nothing like the pace a crack pack can go to-day when on a galloping fox, I don't think it is a very good ticket for the Royal Stud groom. These steeds must have been pig-fat inside and out, the kind that blows up after about three fields at any pace faster than you can kick your hat.

Royal Thruster

HENRY was undoubtedly a very thrusting rider, and he must have had the digestion of an ostrich. He "commanded" the Italian Ambassador, Pasquilligo, to have a snack with him at Greenwich on May Day 1515. The feast lasted seven hours, and immediately after it, according to Pasquilligo, "the King armed himself *cap-à-pie*, ran thirty courses in the jousts, and in one of them capsize his opponent, horse and all." What sort of a chance had François at that entertainment at the Field of the Cloth of Gold! Henry VIII., Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, and an ancestor of the present master of the Beaufort, knocked the French King and all other competitors endways. François is said to have been as bad as Napoleon, who, according to much more recent evidence, rode *affreusement mal*. These few facts may make an inspection of the armour from Scrivelsby a bit more interesting, even in these boogy-woogy days.

As to that wrestling match at the Camp du Drap d'Or, the interesting account of which by

the Maréchal de Florange the Master of the Armouries in the Tower of London has so kindly dug up for us, would any Frenchman, seeing the kind of temper in which François was, have dared to write anything else? Both the Royal Personages were ready to bite one another on the neck, and I do not believe that François can have known anything about jiu-jitsu, and with his scrim-shanks he never could have floored Henry if he had not. M. le Maréchal was clever, and not the least bit anxious to lose his head.

The Old Charlton Hunt

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the address Chorley Wood Hotel, Hertfordshire, sends me a most interesting letter but, unfortunately, in his haste, ends up at "Yours faithfully," and he leaves me a bit in the air; but perhaps he will see this note, and kindly correct the omission, for I am much intrigued. He says that, when in these notes of August 13th I said that the Duke of Monmouth was Master of this once-famous pack, I was inaccurate, because, so my correspondent says, his ancestor, Bob Webber, founded it, and was its first Master and huntsman, and that a portrait of this celebrity once hung in the dining-room at Goodwood.

These facts, I submit in all humility, would not have precluded Monmouth's being the Master in the period preceding Sedgemoor. Hunting had been in full swing in that part of Sussex many years before Monmouth's Rebellion (1685). It is a well-established fact that the Duke, Lord Grey and Squire Roper kept two packs of hounds at Charlton from 1675, Roper hunting both of them, and having most to do with the kennel management. Monmouth and Grey were savagely executed after Sedgemoor; Roper escaped to the Continent and so eluded the Bloody Assize; but he came back to Charlton when things were smoother and was eventually killed out hunting in 1715, when he was succeeded in the Mastership by Lord Bolton, who, in his turn, gave place to that famous Duke of Richmond who died in 1750. The hunt was then called the Goodwood, and ceased to exist as such in 1813, the hounds being given to the then Prince of Wales, later George IV. These dates may clarify things a bit.



S/Ldr. Beamish

Brig. A. C. Giles

Mr. J. B. Beck

Mr. E. B. Davenport

Mr. G. H. Micklem

Mr. D. F. Ashton



Oxford University Senior and Freshmen's Sports at Iffley

Taking the first flight of hurdles in the 120 yards senior hurdles, an exciting contest won by R. Vigne from J. R. Tillard

This dramatic study in foreshortening shows K. K. T. Mara winning the high jump at 5 ft. 7 ins., a magnificent effort

Scoreboard

LATEST SCORES.

ENGLAND, 0; T.U.C., 0.

(Extra time being played.)

ATTLEE, 1; SHINWELL, 0.

Dalton Reserves, 10,000,000,000; National Belief, 0.

Foreign Orders, 40,000,000; Home Acceptances, 40,000,000.

(Match abandoned owing to fog.)

High Street Clock, 12 noon; Town Hall Clock, 2.33 p.m.

"THIS, for once, is not for the Press"—Algerian vintner, handing four sticks of sealing-wax, three rotten tomatoes, two red billiard-balls, and a raspberry to works manager.

Talking of raspberries, as the North wind whispered to the South, Esperanto Jones, the International Sportsman, has indefinitely refused to appear before the World Boxing Board of Control to show reason why he has not officially relinquished the title of Troy-Weight Champion of the Seven Seas. He gave me, in exchange for three Swan Vestas and two embroidered egg-cosies, an interview in his Charlemagne flat. He wore, though entitled to neither, an M.C.C. tie and an L.C.C. blazer. In his right hand he held a cup of tea, once the property of the Great Western Railway. In his left, he rhythmically rolled a rather bald tennis-ball; "picked up," he murmured, "during the general kiss-your-neighbour after the Wightman Cup, years ago; I use it to strengthen the inter-digital tendons."

"About this Board of Control," I ventured, rummaging for my note-book and producing an inaccurately punched tram-ticket. "Well, what do they control?" asked Esperanto, tossing his

tea-cup through a hitherto closed window; "not me, for one." And he flexed his Latissimus Dorsi till his braces played the first three bars of "Annie Laurie." "Besides," he continued, as the music died away, "the headquarters of the W.B.B.C. are, of necessity, mobile. At present, they are in Varna, at the Hotel du Mal Nom; third floor, back; handy for the fire-escape and gutter-pipes. I buttonholed the Varnese consul the other night at the world premiere of *Pilgrim's Progress*. He tried to back-heel me; so I knocked him lukewarm with a light counter on the third stomach.

"Then I tried for a visa at the Foreign Office. I sculled the last lap, through the ducks in St. James's Park, and arrived just after four in the afternoon. But I found nothing except a warm teapot, a photograph signed 'Affectionately, Palmerston,' and a cardboard notice saying 'Back in a month.'"

"So now, what?" I queried, feeling for a hat I hadn't brought.

"I'm through with the Board," said Esperanto; "I shall break training; and anything else I'm sick to the guts of."

"And then?" I enquired through the half-closed door.

"Swimming," he responded, with half-closed eyes; "round Great Britain; anti-clockwise. The other way's too easy. I shall take in coal at Aberdeen."

IN *Why the Whistle Went*, H. F. Ellis, its author, and Fougasse, its illustrator, have struck, as might be expected of these two maestros, the perfect blend of humour and instruction. As with people, so with books, the

serious is not therefore the good; and here is a little book on a great game, Rugby; light of heart and weight, packed with wit and wisdom.

Who are the best laughers at games? We can all give the face a stretch when the judges are looking the right way when the right horse comes along, or when the referee observes the eccentricities of the visiting full-back. But, goal up or down, caught slip or bump-ball, roll-bowl-or-pitch, win-lose-or-draw, the prize, according to the greatest New Zealand all-rounder of to-day, should be handed to the Maoris.

In proof, he tells this little story of a small-town Rugby match between two Maori fiftens. Ten minutes from the end, the home side were three points down, but pressing. The other side, a trifle unexpectedly, relieved, and there, scudding along, just inside the touch-line, with nothing but grass between himself and a try, was their left wing-three-quarter. Nothing, that is, till, with about ten yards and one second to spare, an old woman sprang from the threepennies, shoved her umbrella

between the athlete's legs and brought him down like a delivery of coal. And what did he do? Rose, handed to this sixteenth opponent the two fragments of her umbrella, shook hands with her, and laughed like the Victoria Falls.

Ah, what would not the jaded critic give to see such a coup-de-parapluie in the last minute of an International at Colombes or Cardiff, at Murrayfield or Twickenham. Atta-girl.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



The Earl of Haddington and Major R. Stirling Stuart were among those who watched the steeple-chasing on the Kelso racecourse



Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, only daughter of the Earl of Haddington, was with Mrs. Gregory Wood and Earl Haig



Lord and Lady Dunglass and their daughter, the Hon. Caroline Home. Lord Dunglass is the son and heir of the Earl of Home

The United Border Hunts' Meeting at Kelso

R. Clapperton

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"A Peck of Troubles"

"Arthur Rimbaud"

"A Will in the Way"

A PECK OF TROUBLES" (Cape; 10s. 6d.) might be called an Anthology of British Grumbling. It has, actually, been subtitled "An Anatomy of Woe" by its inspired compiler, Daniel George. Herein are, the wrapper tells us, collected "Many hundreds of Examples of those Chagrins and Mortifications which have beset, still beset, and ever will beset the human race and overshadow its journey through this earthly Paradise, the whole being conveniently displayed in an alphabetical arrangement for the purpose of Comparison, Consolation and Diversion."

These purposes the "Anatomy" fulfils: nothing, Mr. George rightly opines, being more enlivening than the contemplation of the minor miseries of one's fellows. Minor, of course, they must be: we are not fiends—one would wish no one to be attacked by an enraged bull, but there is something exquisitely funny about their being stung by a bee. (For some reason a bee is funnier than a wasp.) The diversion to be afforded by this book will be clear from the very first glance at any page. As to the consolation, that is as solid—Mr. George goes back for his extracts as far as the fifteenth century, and we may be cheered to find that since then (as probably from the birth of history) there has not been a day when it has not appeared to *someone* that modern young people were impossible, fashions ridiculous, visitors trying, relatives inconsiderate, manners deteriorating, cooks no longer able to cook, Governments no longer able to govern—in fact, that the country was going to the dogs. As for domestics—"Servantes be not so deliygent as they were wonto bee," notes Jane Stonor in 1470.

NOR have these things been suffered in silence: great British grumbling, throughout the ages, has a tempo, a vocabulary, a resourcefulness, one might almost say an enthusiasm peculiarly its own. *A Peck of Troubles* was first published in 1936—that there has been a whole new hatch-out of troubles since then need hardly be stated. We cannot be blamed for thinking of our ancestors as being luckier than they knew—we could have shown them something to make a fuss about! As this book demonstrates, our assistance would not have been required: our ancestors were less lucky than we feared.

So, the reappearance of this inimitable book is well-timed: it may well serve as a poultice to "draw" the pains of to-day. Comparing ourselves with our muttering or roaring forbears, we may even be struck by how wonderfully little fuss we make. (Though, of course, we do: where and what should we be if we did not?)

The "specimens" in this collection are all real people—persons, that is to say, who at one time or another did have the doubtful pleasure of being really alive. Some were illustrious, some obscure;

all were British. All the extracts here come from letters, note-books or diaries. Fiction has not been drawn on: one longs to suggest that Mr. George should make a companion volume from that source—has not our British literature a fine gallery of persons in a state of umbrage to show?

However, *real* life has proved a mine. This imposing index of troubles has as its first four entries Abroad, Ailments, Animals and Art, and as its four last Transport, Visitors, Weather and Women. The in all 48 sections have, it can but be found, pretty thoroughly covered the painful field—as Mr. George says, some tribulations are difficult to group, others so subtle as to elude definition. Also, Mr. George has unearthed many gems of sheer misadventure. In the main, the effect of *A Peck of Troubles* is, not only that people are pretty odd (indeed, are we not pretty odd ourselves?) but that pretty odd things do happen to them—is it to be wondered that they complained?

For instance, under Bed we have this case—noted by Augustus J. C. Hare in 1880:

A lady was awoke in the night with the disagreeable sense of not being alone in the room, and soon felt a thud upon her bed. There was no doubt that someone was moving to and fro in the room, and that hands were constantly moving over her bed. She was so dreadfully frightened that at last she fainted. When she came to herself it was broad daylight, and she found that the butler had walked in his sleep and had laid the table for fourteen upon her bed.

A SCARCELY less strange awakening was John Evelyn's, by whom (under Animals) we are told how on April 20th, 1664, he woke to find "in the night a cat had kitten'd on my bed, and left on it a young one having six eares, eight leggs, two bodys from the navil downwards, and two tayles." We are once more in debt to Augustus Hare (under Food) for the curious story of Dr. Buckland, who, on being shown at Nuneham the heart of a French king preserved as a relic in a casket, forthwith ate it: he had, he remarked, eaten many strange things, but here *was* a novelty. "Dr. Buckland used to say that he had eaten his way through the whole animal creation, and that the worst thing was a mole—that was utterly horrible. . . . Dr. Buckland afterwards told Lady Lyndhurst that there was one thing even worse than a mole, and that was a bluebottle fly. . . ." Sympathetic, under the heading of Financial, is Crabb Robinson's story (noted in 1858) of the diffident lady:

I have heard of a lady, by birth, being reduced to cry "muffins to sell" for a subsistence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak, and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing heard her cry: "Muffins to sell, muffins to sell! Oh, I hope nobody will hear me!"

Under Dreams, Mrs. Piozzi tells us how Mrs. Siddons "dreamed once that all her teeth came out upon the stage"; and Thomas Woodcock (*ob.* 1695) vouches for Mr. French's Grandfather, formerly "a loos man," having been reformed by dreaming himself suspended "by a little threed," over a lake of fire and brimstone. . . . A particularly fruitful section is Quarrels. "Blake [we learn] told Flaxman he had had a violent dispute with the Angels on some subject and had driven them away." And Samuel Carter's letter, "There is an action against me," addressed to an M.P. in 1628, is succinct. Under the heading Social, we have some recondite embarrassments—not least that of a husband whose wife, when they were driving in a coach with the King and Queen, insisted on putting her feet first on his lap, then out of the window.



Muspratt, Swanage

Lady Faith Nesbitt, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, is having her first novel published next spring by a New York firm. She is here with her eight-year-old daughter Gemma in their home at Hinchingsbrooke, Huntingdonshire

LESS extraordinary hardships have not been omitted by Mr. George—of sufferers in the name of Recreation Dr. Johnson, failing to enjoy hunting, was not the least. "The dogs," remarks the Doctor, "have less sagacity than I could have prevailed upon myself to suppose; and the gentlemen often call to me not to ride over them. It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them." Keats got a black eye the first time he handled a cricket bat; and Richard Mulcaster decided, in 1581, that "the Football . . . as it is now commonly used, with thronging of a rude multitude, with bursting of shins, and breaking of legges, be neither civil, neither worthy the name of any traine to health." . . . No less certain, in 1710, was Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, that Modern Poets were "an insipid Race of Mortals." . . .

A particularly contemporary note sounds through the lamentations of Nowadays—"All the civilised world is in peril," remarks Crabb Robinson—in the, one would have thought, well-padded epoch of 1862. . . . As to Children, the outcry is immemorial: "To be a parent without an assistant is a hard task," groans the Rev. W. J. Temple in 1796. He adds: "Am discomposed with Octavius, who grows very rude and troublesome. Holidays too long." And another clergyman parent, father of An, Jane, John, gasps at the end of one long day in 1653: "God give his angels charge over us."

As to Women, Charles Hatton complains to Samuel Pepys of the "mischievous spruceness" they show in tidying up: A. C. Benson quite frankly doesn't like the sex. "Women, I think, when they get interested in one, have a deadly desire to improve one. They think that the privilege of friendship is to criticise; they want deference, they don't want frankness." John Donne says simply: "Women are like Flies . . ."

That Donne, Swift, Sir Thomas Browne, Lords Chesterfield, Byron and Macaulay, King James I., Gibbon, the two Carlyles, the two Brownings, Lear and Lewis Carroll should be among these ranks of grumblers or recorders of misadventure ensures us a noble variety of prose. Only wide reading, lively humanity and discerning wit could have given us Daniel George's *A Peck of Troubles*.

ENID STARKIE'S *Arthur Rimbaud* (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.) is another important re-publication: this fullest existing biography of the poet appeared first in 1938. Or rather, the original version appeared then: the book which now comes to us has been rewritten; for Dr. Starkie, in the intervening years, has been engaged on further Rimbaud research—making more discoveries, laying bare facts hitherto unknown, finding herself in a position to correct mis-statements made by other biographers and up to now accepted. Her checking of 1874 English railway timetables, and Reading postal addresses of that year, for the Reading v. Scotland controversy is, if one may say so without frivolity, a fine piece of sleuthing.



I'm an Expert —

See page 222

With not less closeness has she followed the movements of an amazing mind—equally, she has known where to stop: she has saluted the mystery that remains insoluble. Only the genius of Rimbaud knew its own paths, often terrible, and its why's and wherefore's. The whole book hinges upon the question posed in the Introduction: "Can a satisfactory explanation be found for his abandonment of literature at the height of his power, when he was not yet twenty?"

Rimbaud, as Dr. Starkie puts it, ceased to write at an age when others are only beginning. At twenty the poet, to all appearances, died: the man lived on to the age of thirty-seven. One of the greatest—not *impossibly the greatest*—of the poets of the late nineteenth century was to become a significant, infinitely lonely figure in French colonial history.

HE suddenly left his Ardennais home and his sombrely magnetising mother, he left suppurating and exciting literary Paris (which, too late, came after him with the laurels) for the coast of the Levant and Abyssinia, to become a trader and an explorer. He had been a devastatingly innocent and horrific wonder-child—how far he ruined his fellow-poet Verlaine, how far Verlaine ruined him, in the course of their disreputable and tragic relationship, remains undecided: Dr. Starkie leaves one with a powerful feeling that Verlaine was the victim.

Arthur Rimbaud was born at Charleville, near the French-Belgian border, in 1854—son of a light-footed army officer, who deserted his family, and of a proud, rigid, provincial mother with a passion for respectability. He was the model school-child, of clear-blue gaze, up to fifteen, when he started running away from home. It was in the course of one of his roving visits to Paris, during or just after the Commune, that there occurred a horrible and unnamed experience which would seem to have queered some part of him. Agreeable as an adolescent he was not: his rudeness to the *litterati* could be called exquisite. . . . As a book, *Arthur Rimbaud* is inevitably painful. It is a book, however, strongly to be recommended to lovers of poetry, who are not afraid of facing what went to make it.

IN *A Will in the Way* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) the always able Miles Burton stays true to form. Though I must protest that this story, like one or two of its predecessors, is somewhat halted by the excessive slow-mindedness of Inspector Arnold: there are points at which the most ordinary reader's intelligence can but overshoot this excellent man's. . . . We are given a West Kensington lady, of dubious past, who meets death in the same manner as Amy Robsart, and not less enigmatically. Her husband, though he has to all intents and purposes recovered from what had been a severe breakdown, is still a certified patient in a mental home in Kent: he, also, comes to a suspicious end. That a considerable sum of money is in question, and that a number of friends and relations are in the offing, need hardly be said.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE musical taste of the general public often takes a curious twist, and those who are sworn anti-jazzites suddenly become conscious that something of this day and age is worth while. In the same way the jazz fiend discovers that the basis of this type of music is often directly traceable to a solid knowledge of the classics.

Thus it is interesting to see that Sidney Torch and his Orchestra have produced a very good record of Donald Phillips' *Concerto in Jazz*. The recording is excellent,

and the composer himself handles the very difficult solo piano part with restraint and, at the same time, genuine virtuosity.

This piece of music is not another *Rhapsody in Blue*, but it is something very much of this present time. And while Phillips may not be a Gershwin yet, there seems to me to be no reason why he should not do a great deal towards becoming one of our leading composers along similar lines. (Parlophone E. 11456.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Sculpture from South Africa

In Johannesburg lives and works a thirty-eight-year-old sculptor, Herman Wald, whose work is rapidly gaining a more than local reputation. Austro-Hungarian by birth and the son of a pastor, he made the round of European art galleries before settling in South Africa ten years ago, and admits to having been deeply influenced by Epstein, Henry Moore and Frank Dobson. His two largest works are a remarkable war study, *Unknown Soldier*, and that shown below—a 15-ft. high plaster statue, *Job Rending the Garment*, expressing humanity still proud and defiant beneath its troubles



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Dawe — Carew-Gibson

F/Lt. Derek John Dawe, D.F.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dawe, of Surbiton, Surrey, married Miss Patricia Marion Carew-Gibson, only child of Capt. H. F. and Mrs. Carew-Gibson, of Burchetts Green, Berkshire



Royle — Lister

Major Peter Royle, R.A., second son of the late Mr. Vernon Royle, and Mrs. Royle, of Stanmore Lodge, Lancaster married Miss Josephine Lister, only daughter of the late Major Charles Lister, of San Remo, Italy, and Mrs. le Gros, of 26, Lowndes Street, London, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Crampton — Appleton

Mr. Richard D. R. Crampton, younger son of the late Mr. C. T. R. Crampton, and Mrs. Crampton, Ontario, Canada, married Miss Bridget Myfanwy Jane Appleton, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Appleton, of Hill Crest, Boars Hill, Oxford



Laskey — Le Breton

Mr. Denis Seward Laskey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Laskey, married Miss Peronelle Mary Gemma Le Breton, daughter of Col. Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, of Loders Lodge, near Bridport, Dorset, at Loders Church, Dorset



Dugdale — Thompson

Capt. John Dugdale, M.C., son of Col. Dugdale, of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, and Mrs. Carmen Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Hochstetter, of Guatemala, who were married recently in London



McNaughton — Berry

Mr. Maurice Ian McNaughton, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. McNaughton, of Churt, Surrey, married Miss Sheila Margaret Holman Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Berry, of 40, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, at St. Mary Abbot's Church



Macdonald — Lister

Capt. Ian Hesketh Macdonald, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, elder son of the late Capt. A. R. A. Macdonald, R.N., and Mrs. Macdonald, of the Lodge, Frampton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire, married Miss Marjorie Ursula Lister, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lister, of the Actrees, Berkeley, Glos.

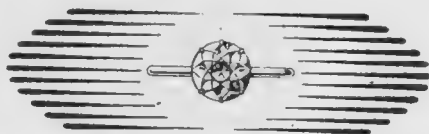
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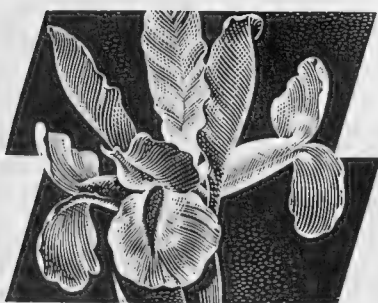




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Captain J. W. Bygott Webb and Miss Priscilla Jean Hammersley, who are engaged to be married. Captain Webb is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of The Little House, Angmering, Sussex, and Miss Hammersley is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley, of Saxon Court, Hadlow Down, Sussex, and 19 Chesham Street, S.W.1



Miss N. V. Gabb, who is engaged to Major K. R. H. James. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. S. A. Gabb, of Cedar Cottage, Farnborough, Hampshire. Major James (late Worcester Regiment), lives at Weston Manor, Tettenhall, Staffordshire



Fayer

Miss Suzanne Ellet, youngest daughter of Mrs. Horace Ellet, of Standon Manor Farmhouse, Hungerford, Berkshire, and the late Mr. Horace Ellet, who is to marry Mr. A. Rubinstein, only son of M. and Mme. Rubinstein, of Zurich, Switzerland



Miss Elizabeth Anne (Betsy) Sheppard, daughter of the late Mrs. Sheppard and of Mr. Samuel T. Sheppard of 66a Kensington Mansions, S.W.5, who is to marry Mr. William Hedley John Summerskill, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hedley Summerskill, of 10 Harley Street, W.1, and Southsea, Hampshire



Pearl Freeman

Miss A. P. Hattrell, younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel J. A. Hattrell, of Brookmans Park, and Mrs. Cannon, of Swaffham Bulbeck, Cambridge, who is to be married next month to Mr. Lionel Alexander John Shute, only son of the late Mr. Lionel Shute and Mrs. Harris, of Cambridge



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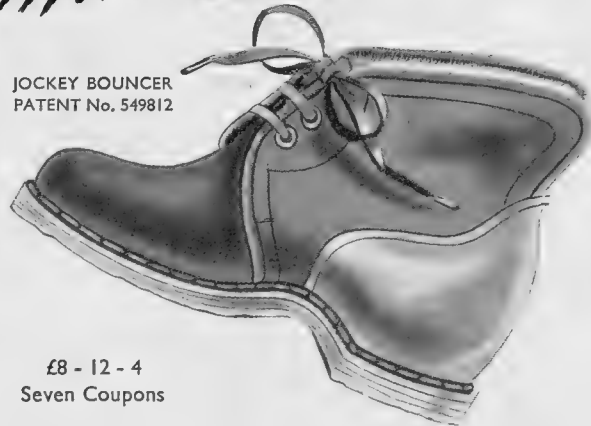


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Oliver Sturges

on FLYING

A FRIEND who has been working as a technical man on aero-engines ever since there were such things, told me the other day that he was worried by the over-optimism being shown about propjets—that is about gas turbines harnessed to airscrews.

Many aircraft makers are looking to propjets to power their future transport machines. But my friend said that few of them seemed to have any conception of the extent of the development work that lies ahead. It seems that the development of the propjet is going to be a much more heavy undertaking than the development of the turbojet—or simple gas turbine driving by means of a jet.

Yet as far as I can gather the prospect of jumping the propjet period altogether, and going straight into turbojets, is remoter than ever. Transport aircraft—so their designers seem to think—must go through the intermediate period of propjets.

If this is a correct appreciation of the situation, it would follow that manufacturers would be well advised to continue with work on aircraft powered with the dear old piston engine for some time to come. It appears that the piston engine, though officially proclaimed dead, will not lie down.

Private Flying

THE Whitney Straight Committee has produced an excellent report on private and club flying. The whole tone of it is constructive and forward-looking. And I was well impressed by the S.B.A.C.'s appendix. Manufacturers are a little too inclined to sniff at small aeroplanes immediately after wars; but the S.B.A.C. as a whole evidently appreciates that aviation cannot live without the spirit, and that the spirit is born and bred in the small aeroplane flying movement.

Unfortunately there is bound to be, sooner or later, a great economy drive within Britain. The Government will put it off as long as it can; but it must come because without it we cannot recover. And I fear that

the economy drive will exclude increased subsidies for aviation. There will then be only one way to keep light aeroplane flying going and that will be the unpleasant way of showing that it has a military value.

Expenditure will be cut to the bone; but there must always be something spent on maintaining in this country a number of young people with piloting experience. That form of expenditure can be got through Parliament on defence grounds. So although I think it the greatest pity in the world, I conclude that the clubs and private flyers must try and justify subsidies, and petrol, and all the privileges now dished out through Government and no other channels, on the grounds that they are of defence value. Aviation—and it is a sad thought—seems to be incapable of breaking away from its military associations.

Paris (Car) Fashions

AT the Paris Motor Car Salon it was semi-officially stated that the next Paris Aero Show would take place in 1949 and not next year as had been originally suggested. That is all to the good, for a longish interval is needed.

Most of those who viewed the motor cars were impressed by some wonderful looking Italian models, cars in the really smart tradition of bygone years, and cars, moreover, which bore the names of companies of thoroughly well-proved engineering ability like Alfa-Romeo.

Then, of course, there were the beautiful examples of the latest French coachwork and the extremely interesting three, four and five horsepower French small cars. These were the same models as I saw at the Salon in 1946 with the difference that some of them were now production models and not prototypes. It would be nice in these days of petrol shortage to be able to buy one of those small French cars. Their consumption is almost unbelievably low yet they perform fairly well. I imagine, however, that some restriction is placed

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upon them. One learns nowadays to assume that everything that is not compulsory is forbidden.

Bell Ringing

THE landing in the City of London by Captain A. G. Lamplugh and Captain "Jimmy" Youell, in an Irvin-Bell helicopter was a stunt, but a very useful stunt. It emphasized that the technical problem of terminal transport has been solved. There exist today the aircraft which can take passengers from an airport and put them down close to their destinations.

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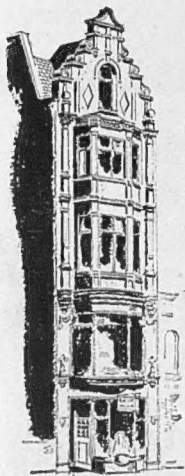
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